

To the W O R S H I P F U L
George Tompson, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,
 And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
 TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;
 This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*,
 from the 21st Day of *Dec. 1752*, to the 21st Day of *Dec. 1753*; inclusive
 of the Persons (in Number 2) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also
 those buried at the *Quakers-Burying-Ground* 4. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 3.
 The Meeting on the *Green* 0.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>Bortive</i>	1	<i>Cancer</i>	—	1	<i>Consumption</i>	—	15	<i>Fevers</i>	—	8
	<i>Aged</i>	—	16	<i>Child-bed</i>	—	3	<i>Convulsion</i>	—	20	<i>Inflammations</i>	—	1
	<i>Apoplexy</i>	—	1	<i>Cholick</i>	—	1	<i>Dropfy</i>	—	5	<i>Palsy</i>	—	1
	<i>Asthma</i>	—	1	<i>Chincough</i>	—	2	<i>Flux</i>	—	1	<i>Starved</i>	—	1
										<i>Teeth</i>	—	4

Chriftened, Males 38. Females 36. Total 74.

Buried, Males 40. Females 42. Total 82.

<i>Whereof have died,</i>		<i>Five and Ten</i>	—	5	<i>Thirty and Forty</i>	—	6	<i>Sixty and Seventy</i>	—	8
<i>Under Two Years old</i>	—	<i>Ten and Twenty</i>	—	4	<i>Forty and Fifty</i>	—	6	<i>Seventy and Eighty</i>	—	8
<i>Between Two and Five</i>	—	<i>Twenty and Thirty</i>	—	4	<i>Fifty and Sixty</i>	—	5	<i>Eighty and Ninety</i>	—	3

C H R I S T E N E D				B U R I E D.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
<i>ALL-SAINTS.</i>	38	36	74	40	42	82
<i>St. SEPULCHRE'S.</i>	10	13	23	11	21	32
<i>St. GILES'S.</i>	16	14	30	23	16	39
<i>St. PETER'S.</i>	3	0	3	2	1	3
<i>At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish</i>				4	2	6
<i>In the whole Town.</i>	67	63	130	80	82	162
	Decreased - - - 14			Increased - - - 18		

I.
 F I X'D are those Limits which prescribe
 A Short Extent to the most lasting Breath.
 And tho' Thou couldst for Sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other Lives to Save thy own;
 'Twere fruitless ALL;—Not ALL would bribe
 One Supernumerary Gasp from DEATH.

II.
 In Vain's thy inhausted Store
 Of Wealth, — in vain thy Power;
 Thy Honours, — Titles, — ALL must fail,
 Where PIETY ITSELF does nought avail.
 The Rich, — the Great, — the Innocent — & Just
 All be huddl'd, to the GRAVE,
 With the most vile and ignominious Slave,
 And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.
 In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
 In vain He is secure from Wounds of Arms;
 In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
 And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
 Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.

In vain are all those Arts we try
 All our Evasions, and Regret to DIE:—
 From the Contagion of Mortality
 No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
 And no Retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.
 Thou must, alas! Thou must, my Friend,
 (The very Hour that Thou dost spend
 In striving to avoid brings on thine End)
 Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life,
 Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
 And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb
 To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.—
 ALL must be left;—and ALL be lost
 Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking Carcass of its LORD.
 Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grots and Bow'rs,
 Thy costly Fruit, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
 Nought shall Thou save;—

Unless a Sprig of Rosemary Thou have
 To wither with Thee in the GRAVE;
 The rest shall live, and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory Master DEAD.

IV.
 DEATH, and ETERNITY!—Those Words
 repeat:
 See'st Thou not how the Glories of the Great
 Shrink into Nothing?—Ee'n if there Thou find
 Goodness (how seldom seen!) with Greatness join'd.
 DEATH, and ETERNITY!—Does not That
 Sound
 Their Wealth and worthless Insolence confound?

—In strong Temptations to thy Succour call
 DEATH and ETERNITY! That Thought disfarms
 Pain of its Terror, Pleasure of its Charms.
 DEATH, and ETERNITY!—A Tyrant raves
 Unheeded;—Beauty makes no Fools, nor Slaves.
 Whate'er affects Thee; Be it Good or Ill;
 DEATH and ETERNITY will triumph still.